Punch-out at the Rock Chorale
All in the Lear Family...
A Night Away From the Louds

By Gale Fox

Deep downtown San Diego, in a boothback booth so tiny it disappears after closing, thrives the wit, wisdom, and wistfulness of Walter H. Clark. That's "Clark" spelled "Klark" on the blackboard. "I do it just for devilmint."

He's got more jokes tucked up in his head—all true stories, too—too than would last a month of shoeboxes. For nineteen years working through the Third, south of Broadway, and for seventeen or so years before that, he's watched San Diego move north and south from downtown. The city removes his license every six months in exchange for $2.50, and the owners of the adjacent parking lot rent him the land. It used to be such a good spot for collecting friends, stories, years, that he had assistants Wednesday through Saturday. From his Third Avenue experiences, Clark has evolved a certain harmony of life, though not an acceptance of the status quo. And he'll be glad to offer his point of view, providing he takes a shine to you.

Downtown is neglected nowadays. Only the downtown workers shop the downtown stores. "Loss of loyalty to the community," he calls it—the way "the white man destroys cities by taking money out and bringing it to the suburbs or sending it to New York or San Francisco." Suburbia and the conglomerate rule the country by destroying neighborhoods. He reminisces about Montague and Cumming, the neighborhood grocery of his Charleston boyhood, where they gave away liver and pig feet since "no one had the money to buy it." And Clark isn't just crying "shame.

The style of living he prefers blooms on his block because of his efforts to cultivate it.

"I'm a fighter for this neighborhood," he says. "And he means it in a peaceful way; he believes in the power of the written word. His chief weapon is that blackboard. When the stand is closed, passersby check the board for his work schedule or his cheery greeting. "If those that know good service will come with open arms and dirty shoes—I'm here to greet you..." when he's on duty, they'll read his latest encouraging word on current politics, and stop to swap opinions. Clark's words and word about Clark have spread beyond the dimensions of his tiny stand.

"I'm a fighter!" And he means it in an ecological way; he believes in living harmoniously with his environment. Symbol of this harmony is his tree. Because of the cement stand high around the base, the city tree before Clark's shoehine booth is different from the others on the block. He uses it as a planter for flowers and corn; passersby use it as a spittoon. The sign he tacked up, "Please do not litter my tree" aided him in clearing it of litter and spit, but the city made him remove the nailed-on sign. His story about the tobacco-chewing Texan is one episode in his long history of service toward that tree.

First thing of a morning, the scuffy-toed Texan insisted on a shine. Clark finally obliged him, though not ready to open. Hearing himself called "boy" in a very nasty tone of voice, Clark put up with Nicotine-mouth until he spit into the tree via Clark's head. H.H.C., in turn, let go of his temper. "This is California, and we don't have spittoons here. Now you get down from there and shine my shoes!" The Texan was eventually persuaded to stand down, and Clark remembers, "I felt very, very good about that."

He talks to the tree, sings to it, and believes in his green finger which made his aunt's sickly plants thrive. "I'm a Baptist, and I know I shouldn't say it, but I can't help wondering if I wasn't ever a vegetable or a plant." He could just as soon have been a white salaman or a black doctor or a Mexican business man; he communicates so easily with all the life downtown.

The corn he planted in a kind of contest with the man around the corner was getting so high it almost reached his taste buds. But one night, darkly behind his back, the city did away with the corn. Clark was later informed that they were afraid someone might get sick from eating corn grown near a sprayed tree. His competitor's corn was broken by some anonymous citizens. "People tear up flowers and throw them in the street just out of meanness." Clark tends his tree out of love.

In 1937, the Navy brought Walter H. Clark from Charleston to San Diego. It was so pretty here he stayed. So many lakes, dried up now; Christmases downtown, faded now. San Diego was a small town, mostly Navy, and segregated. He knew nearly all the coloured people in town. Signs "NO NEGROES ALLOWED," dancing halls where he and his wife were ostracized, hard times for his children in prejudiced schools were weekday weather for Clark. But like the tree, "I bend with the wind."

Back then Clark hadn't yet experienced the satisfaction of self-employment. He left his job at Convair because he hates "clockwatchers" and hates doing a job where something carelessly done can result in injury to a stranger. He has seen men leave a detail on an airplane job half done at the L-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-l sound and, and, once back on the job, forget the other half. "I know I can't hurt anyone by giving a half shine."

Chances are you won't get a half shine from Walter H. Clark. He'll either do his best or give you the brush-off. Customer appreciation gives him deep satisfaction. "The best things that ever happened to me are small things like someone telling me 'That was the best shine I ever had!'

"Towards his steady clientele, 'I'm that close with them that my customers are more like relatives.' There are those, however, who never do come back for a second shine. Take the Saturday night when the action still focused on downtown and the Cadillac pulled up outside Clark's stand. The driver wanted a wax shine, the 50c shine, not the plain shine for 35c. Clark let the man know the going rate, but after the shine, Mr. Cuddy paid him only 35c. Said that all he pays for a shine is 35c. And he walked off. Clark got mad enough to pick up the old quarter and dime and throw them after Mr. Cuddy, who retrieved them, pocketed them, and kept on walking. (Maybe that's how he got his caddy.)

Although his fondest memories were born at the Third Avenue stand, Clark spends only Friday evenings and weekend afternoons there now. Three years ago the downtown Florshen asked him to work for them. He's there 9 to 4:30 during the business week with his TV tuned to Wategate. And he performs Saturday mornings at Courtesy Chevrolet in Mission Valley. For a while Clark had two Third Avenue addresses, this one, and the other one north of Broadway in the old California Building. Pin-ups and plain talk made it a gentleman's place, although women, too, would pass and laugh at the pictures, taking no offense until... The one of the fat lady spelling over into her goody birthday cake captioned by Clark, "Be careful ladies or this could be you!" offended two sensitive matrons. He told them that they didn't just get the world and that wouldn't take it down the line, that it wouldn't be worth the trouble to do it at all, and came back with a priest. The proper priest, stripped of sense of humor, kept insisting that the picture was evil. Clark lost his respect for priest's. "Your damn white collar gets just as dirty as mine." When the priest brought along the police, the picture was still there. A young policeman, who understood Clark's feelings, suggested that he leave the evil thing up all that day and then take it down for good. "So I compromised. It would have taken too much out of me to take it down right then."

He hasn't much respect for healers, either, although he claims travel with the Navy drove all the prejudice out of him. In particular, the day he had a toothache and the toothless holiness lady came along to heal him...let Clark tell you the rest of that one, in person.

Despite his firmly held opinions, Walter H. Clark is loose enough to live through any downtown shown up with twinkle-eyed tolerance. Father of five, including two stepchildren, he's extremely young and vigorous fifty-five. People even criticize his dressing "too young" and give him grief about his beard. Clark gets along better with young folks than with people his own age and dresses the way he feels. When his customers watch others passing and cut about their clothes, he protests that people should try to get close to one another, not stand apart over trivialities. Blacks, black men, anyway, set fashion because they have the nerve not to care what people say and thus, dress to please themselves.

Clark's present Third Avenue address is 837, next to the Off-Broadway Theatre stage door. He knew it when it was a burlesque house. Clark's stand is tiny, but its aura colours half the block. Whether you stop by for a shoe-job or a chat, you always step away with a shine in your soul.
museums and galleries

FOUR-DIMENSIONAL analytic design. One man show. Leslie and Lynne Moore. July 10 through August 11, Monday — Saturday, 9 a.m.—5 p.m. Fine Art Store, 4683 Gass, Pacific Beach.

BRONZE SCULPTURES by Andrea Hoffman. Welded Steel Sculptures by Ron Tatoc. Nineteenth Century European Drawings and Watercolors; continuing drawings, paintings, and graphics by Fritz Scholder. Co-presented by Marion Wiemer, Dr.'s Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, San Diego.

CITY IS FOR PEOPLE. Large sculptures lent by art and architecture groups exhibited throughout downtown area. Correlated exhibits at Fine Arts Gallery showing development of San Diego and multi-media presentation of public art in major U.S. cities. July 14 through September 23.

SVIHLA COLLECTION, oriental ceramics and porcelain dating from the 10th through 18th centuries. Fine Arts Gallery, July 14 through September 23.

COLOR LITHOGRAPHS and etchings by Pat Tabor. Athenaeum, 1008 Wall Street, La Jolla. Through July. Open Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 2-6 to 5:30 p.m.


GALLERY 8 — jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as ethnic pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia. All proceeds benefit International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 3:00 P.M.

theatre

SUDS IN YOUR EYE, a comedy. Actors Quarter Theatre. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M. Through August 16.


SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK

August 2 to August 8

THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

CABARET, presented by Valley Musical Theatre and San Diego City College, Wednesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m. and Sundays, 2:30 p.m.

THE GINGERBREAD LADY, a play by Neil Simon. Mission Playhouse, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.

FETCH A RABBIT SKIN, by Rosie Driffeld and THE DEATH OF DOCTOR PARKER, by Annie Sniderman. Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 16

MAME, presented by Grossmont College's Griffin Players, Stagehouse Theatre, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, and 11, 7:00 p.m. For reservations, call 465-1700, ext. 327.

PAL JOEY, the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy, starring Dean Jones, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; Sundays, 7:30 p.m.

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, a musical comedy presented by the San Diego Junior Theatre, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 8:00 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 p.m.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday and Saturday, August 2 and 4, 8:30 p.m.

KING LEAR, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday and Tuesday, August 3, 7:30 p.m.; Sunday and Wednesday, August 5 and 6, 2:00 p.m.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Sundays and Wednesday, August 5 and 6, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

PRIVATE LIVES, by Noel Coward. Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Friday, Sunday, and Tuesday, August 3, 5, and 7, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

I DOI, I DOI, a comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Thursday, Saturday, and Wednesday, August 2, 4, and 6, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday, August 5, 2:00 p.m.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES, presented by the McIntyre Puppet Players, Balboa Park Puppet Theatre. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and August 3, 4, and 5, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, Starlight musical, San Diego Open Air Theatre, Wednesday through Saturdays, August 16, 8:30 p.m. Opens August 8.

GARDENS AND ARCHITECTURE, ninth in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan. James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Tuesday, August 7, 7:15 p.m.

THE ARTS OF JAPAN AND THE WESTERN INFLUENCE IN THE PRESENT CENTURY, tenth and last in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan. James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Wednesday, August 8, 7:15 p.m.

EXPLORER JACQUES-YVES COSTEAU, "An Artifical Ocean for an Artifical Planet." San Diego Civic Theatre, Wednesday, August 8, 8:00 p.m.

music

E. L. BLUES BAND. Neutral Ground, Wednesday, August 1 and Thursday, August 2, 8 and 11 p.m.

STRAIGHT FLUSH, Conference Building, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 8 p.m.

FOUR SHORT BALLETTS: "Immune," "Summer Dance Festival," with original music and costumes from the Iroquois, Siouxs and Winnebago nations; Bachianas Brasileras, dancing to the music of Hector Villa-Lobos, and "Dreams of "Der Blaue Barch," a neo-classic work. Presented by the San Diego Ballet. Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Saturday, August 4, 3:00 p.m. Admission free.

CONVENIENT OFFICES THROUGHOUT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Monday, August 6, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday, August 7, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Philadelphia, San Diego Stadium, Wednesday, August 8, 7:30 p.m.

dance

LA KOTA INDIAN DANCERS, Balboa Park Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Thursday, August 2, 7:30 p.m.

BALLETT FOLKLORICO en Aztlan, part of Evenings in the Park series, Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 7:30 p.m.

FOUR SHORT BALLETTS: "Immune," "Summer Dance Festival," with original music and costumes from the Iroquois, Siouxs and Winnebago nations; Bachianas Brasileras, dancing to the music of Hector Villa-Lobos, and "Dreams of "Der Blaue Barch," a neo-classic work. Presented by the San Diego Ballet. Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Saturday, August 4, 3:00 p.m. Admission free.

STRAIGHT FLUSH, Conference Building, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 8 p.m.

NANCY WILSON, with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, benefit concert for the Elementary Institute of Science, San Diego Civic Theatre, Friday, August 3, 8:00 p.m.

OLD TOWN, the country duo of Ken Shaw and Jim Morris, Folk Arts Friday, and Saturday, August 3 and 4, 8:00 p.m.

MOZART IN AUGUST, all-Mozart concert, conducted by Rafael Druian, concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, featuring pianist Sidney Foster, Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla, Saturday, August 4, 8:30 p.m.

SAN DIEGO CHAMPIONSHIP OLD-TIME BANJO AND FIDDLE CONTEST, Pepper Grove, Balboa Park, Sunday, August 5. (Starts about 11:00 a.m.) Admission free.

MARK ALMOND, Joe Walsh and Barnstorm, and Robin Trower, Balboa Theatre, Sunday, August 5, 8:00 p.m. All seats reserved.

GREENE and PIANIST JAMES FIELD, with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, San Diego State Open Air Theatre, Monday, August 6, 8:00 p.m.

MUSICA: TUJUANA Y DRUJUAN, presented by UCSD, Tijuana City Hall, Tuesday, August 7, 8:00 p.m.

THIS EVENTS CALENDAR IS COMPILED EACH WEEK BY THE READER AND IS A SERVICE SPONSORED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. ALL INQUIRIES REGARDING THE EVENTS LISTED HERE SHOULD BE MADE TO THE READER, 454-1052 — OR TO THE EVENT SPONSOR. PLEASE SEND ITEMS TO BE LISTED TO: READER, P.O. BOX 80803, SAN DIEGO, CA 92138 OR CALL: 454-1052.
All in the Lear Family... A Night Away From the Lounds

—Jonathan Saville—

All literary tragedies, whether on the stage or in fiction, are about unhappy families. Apparently there is no new experience which so engages our passions of love, hate, guilt, revenge, remorse—the tragic passions—as the experience we all have, at one time or another, of being dependent for our whole emotional existence on parents, on children, on brothers and sisters. The murderous rage towards persons we are intimately bound to in love, the change of heart that comes too late, even the great tragic speeches of denunciation and self-denunciation—before we saw them enacted at Thèbes or Mycenae, in Elisium or St. Petersburg, we have lived them all through in our own comfortable modern living-rooms. Hence the power of tragedy to move us beyond any other art form.

And hence the power of King Lear. Shakespeare's—and the world's—greatest tragedy, a single line in the play's second act sums up, with the force of a descending axe-blade one of those dreadfully painful conflicts, not a member of the audience—of any audience—can have been free of. Lear, who is old, silver-haired and cranky, has divided his kingdom between two of his daughters, Goneril and Regan, who are flourishing in their youth, their beauty, their easy command over the pleasures of sex and sense. He thinks of his act as one of extreme generosity, and in return for it he wants his daughters to revere him and minister to his comforts. But, now in control of the old man's wealth and power, Goneril and Regan find their father a burden, they resent his exactions upon them, they want to be free. Lear: I gave you al—

Regan: And in good time you gave it!

It is the universal conflict between the child who owes everything to his parents yet cannot bear the sense of obligation to his elders, and the parent whose every gift is a subtle emotional I.O.U., to be paid on demand. The parent will give the child the whole world, but he will not have him freedom—yet not even for freedom will the child give in return what the parent desires: an unforgotten loving gratitude.

There is no solution to this conflict. Given tolerance and time, it usually works itself out in compromise, not fully satisfactory to either party; that is the way of the world. Pressed to the extreme, it results in the disintegration of the family, in breaches that cannot be repaired, in wounds that destroy the whole organism of a relationship, the way of tragedy; it is, supremely, the way of King Lear; and, oddly enough, it is supremely satisfying, for all of the unbearable suffering the characters and the audience must undergo. Somehow we feel a unique exaltation in living through, in our imaginations, all the most horrible consequences of those family passions we have otherwise learned to get along with as inevitable and irreversible. A great performance of a great tragedy, like King Lear, can do something for our emotions well-being, if nothing in "real life" itself can.

A great performance of King Lear is not easily come by. The chief problem is that so many of the main characters are deeply con-tradictory within themselves. They either develop, in the course of the play, from one kind of personality into its opposite (Lear); or they embody opposing characteristics to begin with (Goneril, Cordelia, Edmund); or they are forced, by the plot, to play several different roles (Edgar). You need a virtuoso cast, and a director with deep understanding of both character and stagecraft.

This is precisely what the Old Globe's new production of King Lear has. Ken Ruta, as Lear, gives a stunning portrayal of the old man: his delicate, Quixotic, King's development from the arrogant, willful aristocrat, who "hath ever but slenderly known himself," to the humble, submissive quasi-Christian who can characterize himself as "a very foolish old man." Anthony C. DeLongis, the least experienced and one of the youngest of this troupe of professional actors, does a brilliant job in the immensely challenging role of Edgar, who must play, variously, a noble and gullible son, a wild madman, a peasant, and an avenging knight far removed, by his contributions, to the archetypal Michael. As Goneril and Regan, Elizabeth Huggins and the very talented Irene Rosen are vividly sensual, scheming and spiteful. Richard Greene, Lee Corrigan, Peter Nyberg, Charles Haid and Herb Foster are more than excellent in some of the lesser roles. Only Charles Lanyer appears somewhat miscast as Edmund. Mr. Lanyer is an accomplished actor, but he is just a bit too bland, a bit too full of the appearance of human kindness, to bring out fully the gorgeous romantic wickedness in Edmund's character.

Most of these actors seemed to me as good as anyone I have ever seen in their roles. Two members of the cast, however, were far better than anyone else I have ever seen playing these parts. I am not saying I can conceive of greater performance, but these two are giving now at the Old Globe. The two are Penelope Windust as Cordelia, Laura Aikens as a good daughter, and Sandy McCallum as Lear's Fool. There is a tenderness for actresses to play Cordelia, all sweetness and light, so as to contrast her as sharply as possible with Goneril and Regan. None of this for Miss Windust. In her early scenes she is hard, stubborn, willful, sharp-minded. She is not some angelic changeling left on the doorstep, but a true member of the Lear family. Here, as elsewhere, she insistss on the purity of the role, a purity which is her compromise, will not give way on a matter of will. Her sisters are wicked, and she is good, but just as theirs is a tough goodness so hers is a toughness—tougher than theirs, as we see by the end of the play. Yet, like her father, she is humbled by the tragic events their mutual willfulness had set in motion. When Lear, at last reunited with the one daughter who loves him, kindly suggests that she may in fact be his Cordelia, Miss McCallum plays her so tenderly that I, so am I, am one of the most heartbreakingly beautiful things you are ever likely to hear on a stage, or anywhere.

For Sandy McCallum, he has shown himself in the other two productions of this season's Shakespeare festival to be a superb comedian. His Old Globe seems to be a mini-studio, and The Merchant of Venice is deliciously droll; for Sir Egerton—an entirely different sort of role—in Two Gentlemen of Verona —is elegantly played and absurd. But I had never have expected the deep wry melancholy, the perfection of tone, the pathos, the ultimate indescribableaddy he brings to the role of the Fool, surely the most enigmatic and challenging role in King Lear. You simply must miss him; you will never forget this transcendent performance.

The direction, by Edward Payson Call, is of the highest order. From the first scene, Mr. Lear, huge, magnificent, primitive, like one of the pillars at Stonehenge, is an inescapable vital to life, you know you are dealing with a great director, and Mr. Call does not disappoint. There is not a number of unfortunate cuts in the text, particularly the scene of the two servants after Glosseman has had his eyes put out (Act III, Scene vii) and an almost unendurable cut in Edgar's speech about Dover cliff, but all in all the text is not worse handled than is usual in modern productions. The music (by Conrad Susa) and sound effects (by Charles Richmond) were except- ionally effective. As for Barry Kelley, surely one of the two or three best costume designers in the country, has outdone herself in this production.

"Rip Van Winkle is alive," says Edgar, in one of the play's most famous lines. This is a ripe production of King Lear—ripe in talent, ripe in wisdom, ripe in the beauty that can be drawn from suffering. Don't miss it.
San Diego’s Toughest Advertising Job Is Getting Easier

For ten months now, the READER has been proving its tremendous sales ability to some of San Diego’s finest companies — advertisers who have tested us and found that their ad dollars go further and are more effective with READER display advertising.

Thursday, August 2

DIRTY HEROES, starring Curt Jurgens and John Ireland. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

GERTRUDE STEIN. Playhouse New York. Biography. The life and work of the American actress and poet. Channel 15, 6:00 p.m.

THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN, dramatization of Arthur Miller’s play. Channel 8, 9:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. The girls go with Pat to Texas, where Mexico. Kevin accompanies Bill’s business associate to Australia. Bill finds a summer job for Grant. Lance calls from New York. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

Friday, August 3

DREAM WIFE, starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE ALAMO. (Part 2 — Conclusion). Starring John Wayne and Richard Widmark. Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

EVENING AT THE POPS. Ella Fitzgerald sings. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL. Channel 10, 1:00 a.m.

Saturday, August 4

APACHE WOMAN, starring Lloyd Bridges and Joan Taylor. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

BLACK FRIDAY, starring Bella Lugosi and Boris Karoff (1946). Channel 6, 2:30 p.m.

VICTORY AT SEA (first in the twenty-six part series). Battle for the Atlantic, 1939-1941. Channel 8, 4:30 p.m.

THE SCAPINO LEG. starring Alex Dunness and Bette Davis. (1959). Channel 10, 6:30 p.m.

THE FIRST EDITION. Behind-the-scenes study of top selling recording group. Channel 15, 6:00 p.m.

HEFETZ. The Russian-born violinist performs and conducts works by Bach, Mozart, Debussy, and Gershwin. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

EVENING AT THE POPS. Repeat of Friday’s performance. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

GERTRUDE STEIN. Repeat of Thursday’s performance. Channel 15, 9:30 p.m.

THE LOVED ONE, starring Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters. Spoon on Southern California’s wartime business. (1965). Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

SALOME. Oliver Goldsmith’s controversial depiction of Biblical story, with modern music and dance. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.


Sunday, August 5

PLATINUM HIGH SCHOOL, starring Mickey Rooney and Dan Duryea. (1960). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE, starring John Wayne and Frances Dee. Channel 10, 12:00 midnight.

MUSCLE BEACH PARTY, starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Channel 10, 1:35 a.m.

Monday, August 6

JOHNNY EAGER, starring Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. (1942). Channel 6, 2:30 a.m.

SALOME. Repeat of Saturday’s performance. Channel 15, 3:00 a.m.

CONSPIRATOR, starring Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor. (1950). Channel 8, 4:00 p.m.

TRAPEZE, starring Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (1958). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

FIRING LINE. "What Now for the Ghost-Tv." William F. Buckley, Jr. hosts Los Angeles mayor-elect, Thomas Bradley. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, August 7

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, starring Ava Gardner and James Mason. (1950). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

FIRING LINE. Repeat of Sunday’s show. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

THE COMING ASUNDER OF JIMMY BRIGHT. Drama special about young welfare caseworker. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. Repeat of Thursday’s show, Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

Wednesday, August 8

BIKINI BEACH, starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Channel 10, 3:00 p.m.

TWELVE ANGRY MEN, starring Henry Fonda and Lee J. Cobb. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

LA SYLPHIDE. Performed by the Paris Ballet. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

FORBIDDEN PLANET, starring Walter Pidgeon. (1956). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

LA SYLPHIDE. Repeat of Tuesday’s performance. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

THE CAR IN THE CITY. Transportation experts debate whether the car and the city are compatible. Channel 15, 9:30 p.m.

PARK FLOYD. An hour concert with the rock icon. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

used stereo equipment at people prices completely guaranteed

Friday, August 3

RICHARD RITCHIE, starring John Wayne and Anthony Quinn. (1957). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE TRUTH. Starring David Wayne and Grace Kelly. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.


Thursday, August 2

BONANZA. Starring Lorne Greene and Dan Blocker. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

FIREBEATLES. Channel 6, 3:00 a.m.

THE LINDSAY CARNEGIE SHOW. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

Friday, August 3

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW. Channel 6, 3:00 a.m.

Saturday, August 4

MATINEE. Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

SAND HILL COUNTRY. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

Sunday, August 5

THE COWBOY. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

Monday, August 6

FIREBEATLES. Channel 6, 3:00 a.m.

THE LINDSAY CARNEGIE SHOW. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

Tuesday, August 7

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. Channel 10, 7:00 p.m.

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.
No one shares his pot with strangers anymore

Punch-out at the Rock Chorale

Spooky Tooth, Jo Jo Gunn, Sons of Champlain, Tower of Power. Should be some good kick-out rock and roll today. Hope Tower of Power is on first so we can be rid of them in a hurry.

No such luck. Spooky Tooth assumes the stage, looking more like roadies than English rock stars. The crowd ignores them, continuing to jabber as they turn up. At last, the group strikes melodramatic chord changes, grind- ing in a slow moving intensity. Vocalist Mike Harrison looks like a Joe Cocker on reds, eyelids hooded like a junkie’s. “Burned Out” is written all over his face. Tearing every syllable inside out, Harrison’s voice is an appealing

vehemently, as the three of them vanish up the stairs. A second crowd fills the front of the door. A black girl who was kicked in the head during the melee at the guard, warning to complain. Her boy friend hurls sharply at this, but the guard gets out of it. The guard smiles gently. “I handle hassles all the time at parties, but they never get this worded.” What kind of work? “I’m a drug counselor part time.” He says. “Seems we’ve been polished.” He thinks again and offers more dramatically. “I was talking about the difference between paying six dollars to see this or getting paid thirty dollars to work at it.”

The Sons of Champlain do their

Now, I open my eyes again. Balboa Stadium hasn’t changed too much in three years, but Chicago sure has. Three years hence, this band has become the wealth of American groups, and the most ineptly arty as well. Tackling middle of the road music to garner a larger audience, Chicago has become heavy on ballads, figure eight suites and ballets, and uninformative horn blowing. This time, Chicago’s entrance on stage is arrogant stride. Band members stand with their legs apart, showing off the varied hues of their custom stitched threads. Nice, guys.

Chicago can now follow its formula, play the hits and stay away from danger. A song is announced, and if the announcement were a blinding revelation. Next to me, Debbie led-walks along. “Let’s boogie,” says she. Beefy, jock security guards watch Debbie’s lanky body flow from by with Chicago’s mechanized sound. Someone attempts to look under a canvas which has been raised to block off the backstage area. A jock thrusts his biceps, and pushes the freak away, smiling amiably, but remaining firm. The freak examines the muscles and the thin brown hair hanging over the jock’s ears. Nodding, the freak rejoins the crowd. The jock goes back to looking at jiggling breasts and bald midriffs.

Halfway through “We Can Make It Happen,” Chicago’s let-it-all-out manifesto, a security cop chases a kid halfway across the floor, plowing through seated patrons like a harvesting machine. The cop tackling the kid, and both fall with a confirmed thud. The entire audience rises to observe while Chicago churns on, ignorant.

A beer-bellied biker steps forth and slams the cop across the chops with a hammer fist, the cop reels backwards, comes back for a counter-attack, but the biker has left. Chicago grinds to a stop, says “thank you,” and asks, not understanding the onlookers of b.o.o., “Whatcha thinkin’ on out there, San Diego?” Guitarist Terry Kath catches on. “He’s gettin’ the shit outta him, heh, heh, heh.”

“Bitter truth for us, one for you. Chicago weather songs goddamn easily enough, but there are the protracted horn forays, the concept- cal thrusts that reveal only a limited instrumental technique. I walk around, bored and annoyed. The jock provides the mandatory sex piece as blowing a watery six note tirade, loud and shrill, and the sound reverberates against the Stadium’s concave walls. The only decent place to hear the music is up near the snack bars. Still, most of the crowd braves the unrelenting sun and exhibits ritualized admiration for this music mechanism. Six gold records say that Chicago is doing something that is definitely—uh—right.

The Woodstock aura has faded from outdoor mass gatherings. Now, the gathering of the tribes in which you would see fell’s and bells for your brothers and sisters to dig on and for strangers to gig at. More collective bliss. All that remains are several thousand dis- associated bodies carrying fifty- cent hot dogs and heavily iced, soda back from their seats. No one shares his pot with strangers anymore. Must be a shortage. Must be.


Set. Rhythm and blues meets jazz. The Sons are the typical San Fran- cisco rock group. Their music ex- odes sunshine, freedom, high living. Essentially dance music, but the Sons make no apologies. Terry Haggerty’s lead guitar opens a funky, jazzy style of picking. Lines general- ly dislike white soul bands, but the Sons’ lack of hyped tension has ingratiated them to me. No simple task.

Tower of Power, in contrast, is ultra-slick. They have one of those on- stage, clad in jeans, and holding their instruments as if they were only collateral they owned, Chicago seemed like any other band with eyes for the Big Time. The set ran smoothly. Tight, streamlined rock, horns used as tasteful augmentation to the necessary beat. Primal punch. Nothing over-blows or pontilous about these guys. Just an over-sized boogie unit.

—Ted Burke—

I closed my eyes and tried to remember the first time I saw the group. Three years ago, Balboa Stadium. Chicago was squinting in the shining below Country Joe and the Fish and Poco. Lumbering on stage, clad in jeans, and holding their instruments as if they were only collateral they owned, Chicago seemed like any other band with eyes for the Big Time. The set ran smoothly. Tight, streamlined rock, horns used as tasteful augmentation to the necessary beat. Primal punch. Nothing over-blows or pontilous about these guys. Just an over-sized boogie unit.

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